Three-quarter jacket of black velvet and green and black brocade. This is used for the front, simulating a long gilet or waistcoat trimmed the whole length with black feather. Sleeves of same material as the gilet and adorned to correspond. Gown of green mirror silk trimmed with feather.

sleeves were very big, and the little wrap was

Another lady came in later. She was just as

mart as the first guest and I took her just as

she was saying something elegant and cutting

neck, and then drawn in tight at the

FOR CHILLY WEATHER

Cloaks and Wraps to Accompany a Low Thermometer.

SOME RECEPTION GOWNS.

Pleasing Tollets for Hostess and Guests How They Should Dress-Appropriate Combinations -- Materials and Trimmings -- Hats

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, 1893. UCH A SPELL OF cold weather as that which we experience during the holidays makes talk of cloaks and wraps especially timely. The initial princess-shaped mantle costume of a material which has small diagonal threads running through a grayish green cloth. The passementerie trimming is of little knots, triangular

in shape in the middle, and which form a sort of open trelliswork. This robe has an under | fully passive. lining, reaching to the feet, on which is sewn

alike back and front. The lining closes in the middle with hooks and eyes, the plastron is ewn on on one side and fastened on

the shoulder and under the other arm-hole with hooks. This plastron is made of material cut on the straight, s gathered in slightly at the neck and falls in small gathers and is provided with a band of material to prevent it from stretching. The hooks should either be sewn fast to a strip of slik or to the lining itself. In the latter case the upper material must not be sewn in with the lining. The back part of the princess robe must be so bias at the middle seam that the skirt falls into a bell shape. Some extra material may be also added to make more ample folds. Instead of breast darts protection seams are used underneath the bodice so as not to be visible on the outside. These seams must be sewn into small gores and thoroughly ironed flat. The front breadths are fastened with hooks and eyes and the plastron is also secured to the rest of the costume in the same manner



nce, which is formed into epsulets on the shoulders, and is trimmed with passementerie and fur, like the length of the front. The fur should be either black or very dark in tone. Persian lamb or skunk preferably. The skirt should be lined skunk preferably. The skirt should be lined with satin or silk, or even with flannel, if preferred, as it is to be worn without any outer garment. From about half a yard beneath the waist it should be sewn together. The sieeves are cut out of one material, and have as usual two seams. They are lined and slightly drawn in, so as to form a puff. This puff must be draped on the lining and sewn in under the cuffs in such a manner as to give the impression that the whole sieeve is made in one. They are then trimmed with fur and passementerie in the manner indicated. the manner indicated.

Warm as is the garment just described, it would be cold-hearted and shivery to give a whole letter up to such delineation. So I turn whole letter up to such delineation. So I turn to some gowns sketched at a reception. And where do you think the reception was? On the stage, in a play. Do you suppose ordinary women at the conventional reception would ever look so lovely, and wear their gowns the way these folks do, whether the gowns were as lovely or not? The woman shown in the first picture is the hostess, and she is caught just as she went forward to greet her first guest, who is represented in the second illustration. See the pretty way that the hostess head tips back as she says, "Why, my dear!" The hostess was a blonde and her gown was a French rainbow silk of changeable rose and apple-green to start with, and these shades striped with hair lines of rose, and with other stripes of solid rose Another guest, she of the fourth picture, came still later, and I have her as she was in an asprinkled with roses and leaves and shining with a golden luster. The corselet bodice and the sleeves were apple green. The upper part of the rainbow stuff. The sleeves were split to show the arms. Black velvet made the throat more slender and velvet about the waist did the same for that. The skirt and sleeves were edged with black feather trimming and the fan with which she made her little Delsarte gestures was black. She was in such a pretty hurry to greet her guest that she had to lift her gown to avoid tripping, and that showed a petiticoat of rose silk.

Meanwhile the guest came in, and she was a vision. She had on for a wrap a wonderful thing they call a capuchon in Paris of white valvet, with a flar ng Henry II collar held in at

tiny hat is all perky with black wings. The hats of the first two visitors are too pretty to miss. Number two wore wore a sort of twist of astrachan, with rosettes of emerald green all around it, and a tiny bunch of royal purple violets in each rosette. In front a little bunch of the violets stood up straight. Green and violet, it seems, are all right, if it comes from Paris. Number one wore a sort of butterfly, made of four wings of white lace all powdered with silver and sprinkled with little single violets. with silver and sprinkled with little sin You may copy the dresses if you will, hats and all; they are from the newest models.

A DEFENSE OF MR. MURPHY. Mr. Croker Says That He is a Much Mis-

Since Mr. Cleveland came out openly against Edward Murphy, jr., as Mr. Hiscock's successor n the Senate, Richard Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall, has been asked a dozen times a day if he thought it would array the Presidentelect and his policy against Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker has steadily declined to answer this question. Yesterday he spoke about it for

the first time. "Do you think that if Mr. Murphy is elected Senator that Mr. Cleveland in return for it will take up a position hostile to Tammany Hall?" was asked.

Mr. Croker hesitated for a moment and then said he did not think that Mr. Cleveland would

do so. He spoke slowly. "No," he said, "our friendship for Mr. Murphy will not make Mr. Cleveland hostile to the regular democracy of the state. Mr. Cleveland is, I think, a man of too broad ideas, a man of too high ideas of political justice, to allow him-self to take such a step. That is my first reason

for thinking so.
"My second reason is as cogent. Tammany
"My second reason is as cogent. Tammany "My second reason is as cogent. Tammany Hall went to Chicago opposed to Mr. Cleveland. We fought every inch of the ground until he was nominated. Then we came out in his support and stood by him to a man until he was elected. Now Mr. Cleveland is opposed to us in the person of our candidate for Senator, Mr. Murchy.

Murphy.
"The wishes of the regular democracy will be respected by the assembly and Mr. Murphy will be elected. Mr. Cleveland is not the sort of man to turn on us because our candidate is elected. Common gratitude would be enough, for we did not turn on him when he was victo-

"There is much," continued Mr. Croker, in answer to a question, "that is misunderstood about the contest for Senator. We are not hostile to Mr. Cleveland just because Mr. Murphy, our candidate, is not Mr. Cleveland's choice, nor will Mr. Murphy oppose Mr. Cleveland if he is elected, which, of course, goes without the lower edge by a band of sable, and she held the long ends of the capuchon in her hands to simulate embarrassment. The sable ran all down these long ends, too. Her dress was shot silk, all gray and silver, the best was silvery, the

saying.
"Mr. Cleveland does not know Mr. Murph's strong points. If he knew him as well as I do, in justice to Mr. Cleveland I must say I think and one fitted to represent the great state of New York in Washington.

wonderful executive ability. This, together

made so as not to interfere or hide them at all.

made so as not to interfere or hide them at all. The white and the sable and the gray ard silv r made her dark beauty seem the only beauty that was real, except that the rose and applegreen blonde was right there to say no. See how the first guest has her head tipped down. In the play the two women were not really very good friends, and the guest was getting ready to say something smart and cutting. You can see it as plain as day by the way she looks and

There Are Tricks in Every Trade, Even i Scalping Tickets. "How much will you give me for this return ticket to Omaks" asked a man in the office of an avenue railroad ticket scalper this morning. "Is it limited?

"Yes, but it is good for eight days yet." "I'll give you \$8 for it." "Why, the regular fare is \$29, and this is as

"Eight dollars or keep it," replied the scalper sententiously. "Well," said the Nebraskan, with mournful reluctance, "you may have it."

He pocketed his cash and left the store. In an hour he rushed breathlessly into the "Say," he gasped, "say, when I sold you that return ticket a few seconds ago, I didn't expect to go back to Omaha for a month. I've got a elegram this minute summoning me home.

to her. Didn't she just enjoy...
her head tipped back and to one side, that little, innocent smile, her hand just touching the chair and her presty self poised forward with her shoulders back, so that her dress would show all the better, and her other elbow out so her astrac' an cape would stick out effectively her astrac' an cape would stick out effectively of Eternal Beauty! how the price of railroad fares has riz! What, that's only \$2 less than single fare. Why can't see how she accomplishes two things by putting her hand at her hip. She takes the chance to pull up her skirt a little bit, just enough to show the hostess her skirt, which is the very latest filmy lace, over white lawn, and the host-let me buy it back at \$1 advance. That's a little was to the establishment of let me buy it back at \$1 advance. That's a lequally notorious Chateau Rouge. ess wishes she had died before she ever put on that old rose-colored thing of hers. Much of "Twenty-seven dollars or nothing, see?" said

and the two ruffles that make it are as full as if fifty-foot lots on Connecticut avenue. That they were of cloth. The other guest hates her duffer tried every scalper in town with that and the two ruffles that make it are as full as if they were of cloth. The other guest hates her sable and is afraid she is so far ahead in the fashions that no one will know that sable is really the thing and that astrachan is not.

we keep the woif from the door and buy our fifty-foot lots on Connecticut avenue. That duffer tried every scalper in town with that place. Other customers represent poetry in ticket before he came to me, and, finding my figure the same, sold me the ticket. I will sell it easily for \$26, or \$3 less than the regular rate, but I charged him \$1 extra just to pinch his penurious purse. He's going around now the place.

Assuredly it is not beautiful, this old rate, but I charged him \$1 extra just to pinch his penurious purse. He's going around now to the other offices to price cut-rate tickets,

per, and the young men gave a play in the

afterneon.

Epiphany College is intended to be preparatory for the course of St. Joseph's Seminary, where candidates for the Catholic priesthood

Taken Through the Slums-The Chatteau Rouge and Its Motley Crowd of People.

Paris, November 19, 1892.

inswer to a question, "that is misunderstood bout the contest for Senator. We are not hospite to Mr. Cleveland gint because Mr. Murphy are candidate, is not Mr. Cleveland's choice, or will Mr. Murphy oppose Mr. Cleveland's choice, in the knew him as well as I do, a justice to Mr. Cleveland I must say I thin the preserves of Rambouillet, After the French of a hunter, did the honors of the day in persons when he went forward in the domester of eight quasand him and can fitted to represent the great state of eight quasand has a ways behind him the different persons when he went forward in the different persons when

The white and the sable and the gray ard silver made her dark beauty seem the only beauty that was real, except that the rose and apple that was real, except that the rose and apple that was right there to say no. See how the first guest has her head tipped down. In the play the two women were not really very good friends, and the guest was getting ready to say something smart and cutting. You can see it as plain as day by the way she looks, and that is the result to Delsarte method, or whatter whether the result of the result of the interm

over. Last year only 600 pieces of game were brought down in a hunt which went on during a steady downpour of rain. This year luck has come again. In four hours' time 750 pieces were laid out on the lawn in front of the hunting lodge, each of the grand dukes, as well as the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who was one of the guests, being credited with 150.

This Duke of Leuchtenberg, in spite of his German title, is half Napoleonic-French and wholly a Russian noble. He is none other than the great-grandson of Napoleon's Empress Josephine. The latter's son by her first marriage, Eugene Beauharnais, kept his imperial title after Waterloo, and his son had the fortune to matry a Russian grand duchess, of whom the present duke is a child.

SELING THE SLUMS.

The grand dukes have had a care to know more of France than Parisian high society and presidential hunts can give them. In 1891 the

good as a new ticket," expostulated the Omaha to marry a Russian grand duchess, of whom man. the Grand Duke Vladimir at first caused some thing of a flutter through the nihilist settle ments in the far southwest of Paris. But

presidential hunts can give them. In 1891 the news that the prefect of police had called on nihilists. He simply wanted to see the "under side" of Paris, being doubtless a little bored she was saying something elegant and cutting to her. Didn't she just enjoy it, though, with her head tipped back and to one side, that lit
"The rate of that ticket is \$27," replied the "hells" is certainly the most interesting of the

Parisian doctor, went through all the haunts of

bodice is shirred very full at the brow.

These fellows make me tired," said the violin and guitar players come to this wine shop a belt of black velvet all covered with green jet nail heads and pendants. Around the bottom of the skirt are two rows of astrachan, and the cape is of the softest astrachan in the world.

"These fellows make me tired," said the violating and gutar players come to this wine snop to drink away the carnings of the day. In the distinct of the common room there is one pecape is of the softest astrachan in the world.

"These fellows make me tired," said the violating away the carnings of the day. In the distinct of the common room there is one pecape is of the softest astrachan in the world.

his penurious purse. He's going around now to the other offices to price cut-rate tickets, but he'll be back here again, unless one of the other fellows collars him. Every trade has its tricks, and we must live, you know."

Celebration at Epiphany College.

The feast of the Epiphany was celebrated at Epiphany College, Baltimore, yesterday. Early in the morning high mass was celebrated in the chapel of the college, and later in the day Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Satolli and Bishop Keane of the Catholic University proceeded to the institution and took part in the exercises there. The cardinal and other visitors addressed the students, about fifty in number, and the young men gave a play in the

The ex-policeman who served as my guide stopped short before a dark passage in the Rue Gallande. "I have the honor." he said, "of presenting to you the Chateau Rouge." "What, this passage? "Leads to the castle." The Chateau Rouge is a modest cabaret, unknown to the passersby. It hides, known to the initiated alone, the heady and violent attractions covered by its red-painted facade. Let us go in. From the zinc counter in which he sat enthroned in all his majesty, overlooking the deeds and feats of his customers, who were crowding together in a large smoky hall, the proprietor arose and, recognizing my guide, took off his silk cap and shook bands with an air of intelligence. "Is he an associate of yours?" I asked the ex-policeman. "No, he is a friend." And he added to our host, "Have you still two places in the Sequet Hall? "At your service." The Senate Hall is not, as might be supposed from its name, some brilliant and luxurious annex of the cabaret. It is embellished with no decoration. It is simply a back shop where two gas jets throw a little light into the opaque atmosphere. It is reserved for the rupins, as they say in the language of the place. It is impossible to penetrate into this chosen corner without crossing the large hall filled by drinkers at their tables. Our arrival caused a certain



from the funny corner of the religious papers, for this evening meal. Here they mimicked the size of congregations and the probability of calls. When all other topics failed, there was one which had for them a perennial fascination. Whether they approached it coyly or with practiced nonchalance, there was not a man out of the dozen who did not feel that his future soes from table to table among neighbors—the vulgar and ridiculous incidents of the idle existence of brutes, wherein mingle at times sinister adventures. Here it is the narrative, enlarged and boastful, of some bloody quarrel in which the narrator triumphed; there it is the laughable story of some good trick played on the "sorrel mare," and what else? Cruel stories of grirls heaten, of this restrict a fair, to be meditated upon at idle moments as one of the possibilities of a distant future; very far from it. Within two or three of girls beaten, of thievery successful or failed, years at most they all expected to be married, of night attacks.

accepted him, provisionally. His statement of faith was considered the most masterly docu-

ment composed by a Hartwell man for ten-ment composed by a Hartwell man for ten-years; transpareutly simple in outline, and Scriptural in terminology, but inwardly packed so full of Leffingwell's irrefragable system that any attempt to pick flaws in it was legically as dangerous as to meddie with dynamite. No serious criticism had even been offered upon it. and there was but one obstacle to Leffingwell's immediate embarkment for his field. He was a bachelor, and the board preferred that its repman.

Leffingwell's plight was thoroughly appreciated by his fellow students, and three times a day he was obliged to run the gauntlet of their suggestions and admonitions. Open raillery was ventured upon but seldom, for Leffingwell's deliberate way of closing his eyes spending a franc to dance an hour or two The grand dukes have now left Peris, but the Franco-Russian enthusiasm, which has lasted an entire year, is not likely to abate. There is Leffingwell's deliberate way of closing his eyes and selecting the adequate epithet for retort was disconcerting to his adversaries. Some of their choicest witticisms, therefore, were reserved until after Leffingwell's departure from the table. One evening late in April he was so manifestly absorbed and ill-tempered that two of the theologues winked at each other as he a Russian restaurant on a central street near the Grand Boulevard, where one can have cook-ery with unpronouncable names served up by these new friends of France. Russian industries are naturally profiting by all this. Several shops have been opened by Moscow houses, where enameled jewelry, cigarette cases and lamps, as well as lacquered ware and malachite work, are displayed. In the enameling of lamps, ladies' belts, match boxes and like expensive trinkets the Russian products keep closely to good Byzantine patterns, and even in workmanship they seem superior to similar decorations as commonly found. They have their own secrets of manufacture and their own traditions of color and contrast. It may be "Leffingwell's rather down on his luck, isn't ?" remarked one.
"Looks like it. Can't say that I blame him,

"Speak for yourself, man. I don't know the sensation." And the youth glanced blandly at an engagement ring that he had worn for six traditions of color and contrast. It may be seen, therefore, that these products of the years.
"How do you know he has had the mitten twice?" put in another.
"Never mind that; it's straight. I've seen Whether the alliance itself has come to stay or not remains to be seen. I confess I cannot help remembering the laughable conjunction of the two nations in the inscriptions on the Castor-Brunnen in Coblenz, which is now a stronghold of Germany, the supposed enemy of both. The first inscription reads thus: "Year 1812. Memorable by the campaign against the Russians, under the hrefecture of Jules Doazan." (He was the last of the French prefects.) The Russian general when he entered the town, as he finally did, added the following words, in equally good French: "Seen and approved by

both their photographs. One of them pre-ferred Japan and the other didn't fancy him "Good for her," said the man with the ring.
"But that isn't the reason why he's blue now, Tommy," cried the other delightedly. "Look here, you fellows won't say anything?" There

were but four or five boarders remaining at the table and they all glanced up, except Dan Jackson, who was devouring one of his aunt's best hashes, with his eyes fixed, as always, upon his plate. "Don't let it out," continued the well-informed young man, "but there's a No. 3!"
"No!" "You don't say!" "Come!" were the

incredulous ejaculations of Leffingwell's asso-ciates. They had not believed him capable of such rapid maneuvering.

"Fact, though. That fellow has an address book compiled by his aunt, and this girl was third in the list. She isn't as strong as No. 1, nor as well educated as No. 2, but she is pretty, and she has seven or eight thousand dollars in her own right."

This array of facts was respectfully listened

to by all except Dan Jackson, who reached scornfully across the table for some sweet pickles. Dan was fifteen, and had a due con-

scornfully across the table for some sweet pickles. Dan was fifteen, and had a due contempt for matrimonial gossip.

The speaker looked around the circle triumphantly before adding his remaining bit of information. "He's waiting her answer now—and she's a Hartwell young lady."

There was a chorus of quick guesses and offers to bet—no stakes—on naming her in three chances; but the well-informed youth rose and shoved his chair under the table.

"No," he said, uprightly. "I've gone too far now. You don't get her name out of me."

As a matter of fact, though all he had said was true enough, he did not know her name himself. The others crowded after him out of the room with even more than the usual hilarity, leaving young Jackson alone at the table.

Dan poured himself a final glass of milk, awaiting his aunt's entrance. He raised the milk to his lips and then set it down again, with a troubled expression upon his freckled, homely face. He was trying to put two things together.

It had been his turn on the previous Sunday evening to take tea with his Sunday school teacher, Miss Achsah Millicent. She had given him good things to eat and had been very entertaining—she was the only nice Sunday school teacher in Hartwell, as all the boys admitted—but when he had proposed going home, soon after tea, under the supposition that it was proper to mention going and then yield to persuasions to remain, she had not urged him to stay, and he had been forced to come away in some chagrin. At the gate he had met this Leffingwell going in. He thought nothing of it at the time: theologues were always calling at Descon Millicent's. But what he had just heard startled him. Suppose Leffingwell were

THREE.

well, if she was getting a little old, and the nicest girl anywhere. She ought to marry a big law-yer, or a hotel keeper, or the president of a railroad. To think of her marrying a mission-ary who had to get a wife or lose his job!

And she might be giving Leffing well her answer that very minute. Dan gulped off his milk fiercely; there was no time to lose. Something had to be done about it, and there was apparently no one but himself who would or could do anything. For a minute he gazed demanded on the country of the day. There was Jackson came in.

well, if she was getting a little old, and the nicest girl anywhere. She ought to marry a big law-pleased her, too.

"It is very good of yon to come to see me, Dan," she said. "I am aff alone this evening. "Well, he remarked, with a covert meaning which she did not grasp, "I am glad of that I didn't know that you would be." He pulled out his clean handkerchief and, without unfolding it, passed it over his forehead. The Mills Achsah opened a window and let the grain was falling. of the day. There was Jarkson came in.
"Dan l," said she, "don't you think you bet-

about the breakfasts, and the theological students who boarded dents who boarded

dents who boarded there were inclined to swallow their coffee morosely and hurry to the seminary. The din the seminary The dents who boarded there were inclined to swallow their coffee more seminary than the seminary the seminary that the semi swallow their coffee to make a call?"

"On my Sunday school teacher," said Dan, virtuously, and Mrs. Jackson mentally decided, for the second time that day, that after all was constant to the second time that day, the second time the second time that day, the second time that day, the second time that day, the second time the second time that day, the second time that day, the second time that day, the second time the s

himself in his Sunday suit, donned a red necktie and high collar and had painfully written
"D. Webster Jackson" in violet ink upon a
bevel-edged card. Then he started stiffly down

Aren't the boys just a little prejudiced?"

oyish heart still full of stern suspicion and ighteous wrath.

Miss Achsah Millicent sat under the hanging a day. I know all about 'em. I tell you, you want to look out for 'em." She was smused by lamp in the sitting room gazing abstractedly want to look out for 'em.' She was amused by at a map of Senegambia. She had on her best his growing heat, without in the least underat a map of Senegambia. She had on her best cashmere—it was two years old, to be sure, but she had put in full sleeves that spring and had added velvet cuffs. Perhaps it would last until—well, until she had several new gowns at once; then she wondered if they wore legoral new gowns at once; then she wondered if they wore legoral new gowns at once; then she wondered if they wore legoral new gowns at once; then she wondered if they wore legoral new gowns at once; then she wondered if they wore legoral new gown in the house in Senegambia, and then she knew she was blushing, and she glanced timidly around the immaculate room. She was all alone in the house. The deacon was attending the reason of it, and she led him on a little recklossly. Any moment Mr. Leffingwell might appear at the front door.

"Why, Dan, any one would think, to listen to you, that the theological students were criminals. Now you know better than that. You honest!"

"Hespect'em," he cried, incredulously, But she was looking him in the least understanding the reason of it, and she led him on a little recklossly. Any moment Mr. Leffingwell might appear at the front door.

"Why, Dan, any one would think, to listen to you, that the theological students were criminals. Now you know better than that. You would the immaculate room. She was all alone in the house. The deacon was attending the reason of it, and she led him on a little recklossly.

all alone in the house. The deacon was attending a conference meeting in an adjoining town. Her mother had been dead for many years. Both mother and father had early consecrated their daughter to the service of the Lord in a foreign field, if the way should be providentially opened. The deacon had told about it in prayer meeting so often that it was a standing joke in Hartwell society, and the girl felt her heart beat faster whenever her father rose to speak, through fear that he might forget his promise and tell the church again about that early vow, for thus far there had never been providentially opened no way to its fulfillment.

Achsah Millicent had known many theological students who expected to be missionaries, a long breath and took the plunge.

Action Militeent had known many theological students who expected to be missionaries,
and some of them had been very good friends
of hers, but none of them had ever asked her
to marry him. Nor had any one else. For ten
years she had been considered the "nicest girl"
in Hartwell and numberless young men had
in Hartwell and numberless young men had She had requested two days for consideration, and this was the second day. It had been a strange experience, not at all like what she had

with his other attained part of the control of the he would publish his system in that language in point in the circle of inner argu-an abridged form, thereby at once allaying the mentation during the course of those an abridged form, thereby at once allaying the mentation during the course of those native philosophic doubt of the Senegambians and putting them in touch with the most recent occidental thought. The board had already that is, not since she was the merest girl—and that is not since she was the merest girl—and that is not since she was the merest girl—and that is not since she was the merest girl—and that is not since she was the merest girl—and that is not since she was the merest girl—and that is not since she was the merest girl—and that is not since she was the merest girl—and th had never loved anybody—that is, any man—that is, not since she was the merest girl—and perhaps she was now incapable of the emotion that other people seemed to feel. The happiness of it might be meant for other people; she had always had a quiet, virginal happiness of her own. And still, she was not sure. Perhaps love had to grow, like other beautiful things, and very likely respect was the proper soil for

love had to grow, like other beautiful things, and very likely respect was the proper soil for it. She certainly respected Mortimer G. Leffingwell very much indeed. Like herself, he had been early consecrated to the foreign field, and he was now expecting to give up a great deal that was tempting to him in order to go to Senegambia. Those dark faces called to him day and night, he had said, and he had added with closed eyes, that he was sure she, too, would obey the call. And there were but two days for her knswer. Oh, the time was so short! And it had already expired!

"Dan," she remarked, with a tone of matter-of-fact hospitality that greatly relieved him, "I don't believe you have to go just yet. Let's go out in the kitchen and make some molassed candy, and if any one calls you can come in and say that I'm engaged."

They made candy with great glee and in undisturbed seclusion until the academy regulations forced Dan to take his departure at five minutes before 19. It was quite too late for her to expect any other caller. Just as he was going out of the door Miss Achsah, to his utter amazement, bent impulsively and kiesed the

days for her knswer. Oh, the time was so short! And it had already expired!

There was a sharp, uncompromising ring at Deacon Millicent's front door. Miss Achsah rose unsteadily: one hand was pressed to her side, the other fell to the table and rested on the map of Senegambia. She glanced downward at it involuntarily, and a sense of her duty flashed upon her. The providential way was made straight; she would accept Mr. Leffingwell's offer. Slowly she moved into the front hall; she did not wish to open the door too soon: it seemed scarcely modest. Modest? She caught her breath again. It was immodest to admit a man to the gentle, prim seclusion of her heart, when she more than half suspected that she did not love him. Her answer should be "No!" And yet she hesitated. The bell rang again, almost angrily. "Yes" or "No?" In an agony of uncertainty the girl took the gambler's choice; she would lef Leffingwell's face settle the question when she opened the door. If there was a certain something in it, she would marry him; she did not know what it would be, but she felt that she could tell if it was there. She closed her eyes an instant, then she threw the door wide open and stepped back.

Dau Jackson stood there with his red necktie and his laboriously written card. There was a determined scowl above his honest eyes; his done to support the mail ding an note into his lab method to him, the head made up

edged card, and offered him the best chair in the list, he spent a moment in drawing a pen the sitting room. He sat up very straight, looking at her with admiring scrutiny. His name of Number Three.

rain was falling.
"Why, you came down in the rain, Dan" she

exclaimed. "I did not notice st."
"I don't mind the rain," be said. "I haven't carried an umbrella all winter."
"Indeed? Isn't that rather imprudent?" "Indeed? Isn't that rather imprisons:
Oh, I hate to bother with one. I had a
good umbrella, though, last fall; a dellar-anda-half umbrella, and one of those theologues

stole it from me."
"Do you really think so?" she said, laugh ners might well have been worse than they were, though meat was always poor and high in Hartwell, and it was impossible to keep a theologue very plump at three dollars and a limited in his Sunday suit, donned a red neck-limited was in the right place, anyhow.

In a quarter of an hour the boy had arrayed himself in his Sunday suit, donned a red neck-limited watch lem all the time. I leave it to any acad-

the long street toward Deacon Millicent's, his boyish heart still full of stern suspicion and mously. "But I ain't. I live right there with

years she had been considered the "nicest girl" in Hartwell, and numberless young men had admired her both afar and in tolerable proximity, but no man had ever told her that he loved her. No man, that is, except Mortimer G. Leflingwell, who had used that expression on the previous Sunday evening, and had asked her to accompany him to Senegambia.

She had requested two days for consideration, and this was the second day. It had been a and this was the second day. It had been a second the second day is the second day of the second day is the second day. It had been a second day is the second day is the second day of the second day is th She was silent an instant and the boy, carried

scared him by its intensity: "Are you making that up about the list?"

minutes before 10. It was quite too late for her to expect any other caller. Just as he was going out of the door Miss Achsah, to his utter amazement, bent impulsively and kissed the

Dau Jackson stood there with his red neckties and his laboriously written card. There was a determined scowl above his honest eyes; his hair, still wet from the brush, was rigorously parted; a flush of embarrassment was upon his freekled face. The nicest girl in Hartwell gave a little gasp; then, with a smile that would have quite turned the head of a less inflexible visitor, she put out both hands to him.

"Why, Dan!" she cried. "I'm so glad to see you. I—I didn't expect you. Come in:"

She relieved him of his hat and the beveledged card, and offered him the best chair in





equally good French: "Seen and approved by us, Russian commandant of the city of Coblenz, 1 January, 1814." STERLING HEILIG.

What the Zebra is Good For.

A little Washington boy, writing a compos

tion on the zebra the other day, was requested

to describe the animal and to mention what it

HOW THEY SEE PARIS.

**Blick the customers thus communicated to each other regarding him did not seem to me of an over-benevolent character. Far from being disquisited, the ex-policeman said alond to me, will am ironical tone: "It seems to me we are assong sequaintances. I hope some one will surry up to offer us a glass of something."

This pleasantry had the success desired. It was repeated from table to table, and the drinkers, who were particular sequaintances of my companion and so held him in fear and abomination, gave marked signs of satisfaction. Each one returned to his interrupted conversation, without fear of disturbance, we could follow and not the progress of the common drunkenness, which went on always, always increasing.

THE BRUTAL MEN AND WONEN.

THE BRUTAL MEN AND WOMEN. The look of the hall is already curious. Imsevening Star.

Paris, November 19, 1892.

HE PARISIAN IS glad of any reason for enthusiasm. He will not soon forget the alliance by which his country has at last secured one friend among the him 1891 was the Franco-Russian year, and the year just ending is its continuation. In the nick of time along came the Russian grand dukes,

The benches, which are the only seats in the Chateau Rouge, a throng of men and women, livid, patched up, without social regard, brutalized. These poor somnambulists of alcoholisms covered with sordid garments, white blouses or blue blouses, checkered gowns of cotton or wool, all well worn. Against this uniform background of simple indigence may be seen, like stains, threadbare coats of ambitions cut, bought or taken from the stall of some old-clothes dealer, silk dresses frayed and torn, beneath which appears some lace rag all stained with sweeping through the refuse of the gutter. On the wrists of girls who are still pretty there shine bracelets of mock gold, jewels of so little value that they can be coquettion that spread through the seminary. Then, too, her theologues, at the close of the day, were usually in a cheerful mood, and crazy gesticulation all sek to drink. "Wine! A stiff! A green!" The waiters, with distrustful politeness, serve these gentlemen and ladies with brandy with abdirable with headulier. agine on the benches, which are the only seats

the Russian grand dukes, politeness, serve these gentlemen and ladies with brandy, with absinthe, with the adulter-Vladimir and Alexis, and this year they have ated wines which they crave. The drinks, it is come again, with their brother Sergius. They are no strangers in Paris, but they pass November weeks here which are worth recounting to mortals who cannot pretend to all their advantages.

ated wines which they crave. The drinks, it is the rule, must be paid for the moment they are brought. In little sips and slowly the customers taste the poison which is in their glasses. Little by little the liquors stimulate the lethargic drinkers and life comes. tages.

There is an unceasing round of public excursions by day, and night after night there are receptions and dances. One day is devoted to visits to the studios of sculpture and exhibi-

There is an unceasing round of public excursions by day, and night after night there are receptions and dances. One day is devoted to visits to the studies of sculpture and exhibitions of painting or to the woman's arts exposition, and at the dinners some brief comedy by a literary light is executed by great arcists or Yvette Guilbert sings to the guests. Last year Vladimir had the commission to procure in France 500,000 rifles for Russia, from the factory of Chatellerault; this time he is said to have concluded definitely the formal treaty of alliance between Russia and France.

After midnight the imperial visitors, along with two french noblemen, a Russian prince, another Russian gentleman and a well-known alliance have come to stay.

Whether the alliance itself has come to stay

equally notorious Chateau Rouge.

A municipal report tells in a few words what the former is like. The Pere Lunette is a that old rose-colored thing of hers. Much of this is shown in the third picture, but it is needful to says that this guest's gown is emerald green. She is a blonde, too, and the hostess needn't think apple green too, and the hostess needn't think apple green is the color green that will make a blonde look. The hodien is shired very full at the local property of the stony-hearted scalper and he sadly sought the color his fevered, expansive in the Bohemia of art—virtuosi of the pavement mostly. Street singers, organ grinders, harp,

The ex-policeman who served as my guide